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THE  
SOCIAL PSALMIST:

A NEW SELECTION OF  
HYMNS  
FOR  
CONFERENCE MEETINGS  
AND  
FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY  
BARON STOW AND S. F. SMITH.

*Baron Stow*

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PROFESSOR  
THEOLOGICAL  
PREFACE.

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AFTER the publication of the Psalmist, the editors found in their possession a considerable number of hymns, consecrated in the affections of Christians, but which the limits prescribed to them necessarily excluded. There were also hymns breathing a pious spirit, and dear to many of the people of God, — though of a less elevated character, yet not particularly objectionable, — which it was not deemed expedient to admit in that work. These compositions were immediately collected together, and combined with other familiar and excellent hymns, marked by a pure taste and correct sentiment and expression. During the last five years, the selection has been often revised, and additions made to it of such pieces as have seemed adapted to its design.

To give to the prayer-meeting and the family circle Christian poetry of a suitable character, and thus, at the same time, to purify the taste and to foster the spirit of devotion, is certainly a worthy object. The standard hymns of the Christian church are the most fit to be enshrined in the memory of the devout, as helps of their worship and their piety. Their familiarity, instead of being an objection to them, is their highest praise. That they have expressed the divine aspirations of those who have passed on to the worship of the heavenly temple, gives them a charm which

## PREFACE.

compositions wholly new could not claim. In the minds of different Christians, we believe that almost every hymn in this book will summon up some sweet and holy recollections. Nothing would gratify the editors more, than to be instrumental in uniting, in this way, the worship of the earthly sanctuary with the worship of the heavenly.

This selection has been made on the same principle which guided the editors in preparing the Psalmist. They commit the result of their labors to the public, earnestly desiring that the work may prove a help to the devout, and an acceptable offering to the cause of their divine Master.

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PRINCETON  
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# SOCIAL PSALMIST.

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## PRAISE.

### I. — PRAISE TO GOD.

1. L. M. WATTS.  
*Universal Praise.*

- 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,  
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;  
Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 3 Jehovah! — 'tis a glorious word;  
O, may it dwell on every tongue;  
But saints, who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

2. L. M. WATTS.  
*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to his courts repair ;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

3.

L. M.

WATTS.

*All Praise due to God.*

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let every realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Delight in Worship.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing :  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

5.

H. M.

STEELE.

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 LET every creature join  
To bless Jehovah's name,  
And every power unite  
To swell th' exalted theme ;  
Let nature raise, | A general song  
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.
- 2 But, O, from human tongues  
Should nobler praises flow,  
And every thankful heart  
With warm devotion glow :  
Your voices raise, | Above the rest  
Ye highly blest ; | Declare his praise.
- 3 Assist me, gracious God ;  
My heart, my voice inspire ;  
Then shall I humbly join  
The universal choir ;  
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song  
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

6.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Praise and holy Fear.*

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise :  
God is a sovereign King : rehearse  
His honor in exalted verse.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who framed our natures by his word :  
He is our Shepherd ; we, the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our hardened hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,  
To him who now invites us near ;  
Accept the offered grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Come, seize the promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;  
Believe, and take the promised rest ;  
Obey, and be forever blest.

7.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

*Mercies gratefully acknowledged.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart ; O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

PRAISE TO GOD.

8.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Exhortation to Praise.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

9.

S. M.

URWICK'S COL.

*Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.*

- 1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,  
And in his praises join,  
With saints his goodness to record,  
And sing his power divine.
- 2 These seasons of delight  
The dawn of glory seem,  
Like rays of pure, celestial light,  
Which on our spirits beam.
- 3 But, O, the bliss sublime,  
When joy shall be complete,  
In that unclouded, glorious clime  
Where all thy servants meet!
- 4 Then shall the ransomed throng,  
The Saviour's love record,  
And shout, in everlasting song,  
"Salvation to the Lord!"

10.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Mercy of God to Soul and Body.*

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.



PRAISE TO GOD.

- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul ;  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.

11.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.*

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad ;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favors claim thy highest praise ;  
Let not the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot.
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land his power confess ;  
Let all the earth adore his grace :  
My heart and tongue, with rapture, join  
In work and worship so divine.

12.

C. M.

WATTS.

*God's Goodness.*

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.



PRAISE TO GOD.

- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through all the earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.

13.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Greatness of God's Mercy.*

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

14.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Wonders of God's Love.*

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise ;  
For he is good, supremely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care ;  
In him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 3 He gave his well-belovéd Son  
To save our souls from sin ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,  
And proves it all divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,  
And here our hope relies ;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

II. — PRAISE TO CHRIST.

15. C. M. WATTS.  
*The Lamb of God worshipped.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus :"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

16. C. M. WATTS.  
*A new Song to the Lamb.*

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise:  
Jesus is kind to our complaints;  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoner free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

17.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and — O, amazing love! —  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

18.

C. M.

DUNCAN.

*The spiritual Coronation.*

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, —  
A remnant weak and small, —  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

19.

C. M.

STEELE.

*King of Saints.*

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise:  
Thy love can raise our humble strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 O, happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, their raptured lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

20. H. M. WATTS.  
*Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.*

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
Or angels ever bore:

All are too mean      | Too mean to set  
To speak his worth, | The Saviour forth.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues shall bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came, —  
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,  
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has shed his blood and died;  
Our guilty conscience needs  
No sacrifice beside:  
His precious blood | And now it pleads  
Did once atone,      | Before the throne.

- 4 O thou almighty Lord,  
Our Conqueror and our King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace we sing:  
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds  
O, make us sit      | Beneath thy feet.

21. C. M. DODDRIDGE.  
*Jesus precious to them that believe.*

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust:  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there, —  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last, laboring breath,  
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

22.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Praise to God the Saviour.*

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

23.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Access to God by a Mediator.*

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there,  
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.

- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son ;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high,  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
Who lays his anger by.

24.

L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

*Remembering Christ.*

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot ;  
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,  
And fly to this divine relief ;  
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine :  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 4 O, no ; till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

25.

8s & 7s. LOCK HOSP. COL.

*Jesus exalted to the Throne.*

- 1 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide ;  
All the heavenly host adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
There thou dost our place prepare ;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

26.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Love of Christ celebrated.*

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name -  
 Awake the sacred song !  
 O, may his love — immortal flame —  
 Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach !  
 What mortal tongue display !  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
 Our humble thanks to thee,  
 May every heart with rapture say,  
 "The Saviour died for me."
- 4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill every heart and tongue,  
 Till strangers love thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

27.

11s.

DE FLEURY.

*Praise to the Lamb.*

- 1 COME, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,  
 The theme most sublime of the angels above ;  
 They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,  
 And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.
- 2 Come, saints, and adore him ; come, bow at his feet ;  
 Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise ;  
 O, give him the glory and praise that are meet,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.



PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 3 Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised ;  
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all ;  
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised,  
While powers and dominions, him worshipping, fall.
- 4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain ;  
But their loftiest songs never equal his love :  
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,  
Transcending the anthems in glory above.
- 5 Yet even our service he will not despise,  
When we join in his worship and tell of his name ;  
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,  
And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb."

28.

11s & 8s.

SWAIN.

*The Glory of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call ;  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love ?  
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread ?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,  
The Star that on Israel shone ?  
Say, if in your tents my Belovéd has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 5 This is my Belovéd ; his form is divine ;  
His vestments shed odors around ;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 6 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet ;  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
 To water the gardens of grace;  
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for his word;  
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
 Reëchoes the praise of the Lord.

29

11s & 10s.

HEBER.

*Adoration of the Infant Saviour.*

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

30.

11s.

ANON.

*The Saviour's Sorrows.*

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,  
 Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams  
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,  
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!  
 How hard was his pillow, — how humble his bed!  
 The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
 And followed their Master with solemn delight.

- 3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;  
The triumph of sorrow, — the triumph of love !
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him, — come, bow at his feet !  
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

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P R A Y E R .

I. — P R A Y E R A P R I V I L E G E .

31. C. M. BEDDOME.  
*Prayer.*

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came ;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast ;  
Yields comfort to the mourners here,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,  
He hath an ear to hear ;  
To him there's music in a groan,  
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail  
To have his wants supplied,  
Since He for sinners intercedes  
Who once for sinners died.

32. C. M. MONTGOMERY.  
*Prayer.*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

33.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Prayer.*

- 1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 2 The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, in deed, and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 4 O Thou, by whom we come to God, —  
The life, the truth, the way, —  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

34.

S. M.

NEWTON.

*Blessings sought in Prayer.*

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith ;  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be,  
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,  
And find my heaven in thee.

35.

L. M.

STOWELL.

*The Mercy-Seat.*

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads —  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

36.

C. M.

ANON.

*Secret Prayer.*

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.

- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;  
     Hope points the upward gaze ;  
     And Love, celestial Love, inspires  
     The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,  
     Unheard by human ear,  
     When God has made the heart rejoice,  
     And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;  
     All utterance faileth there ;  
     But sainted spirits comprehend,  
     And God accepts the prayer !

37.

S. M.

SAC. LYRICS.

*Morning Prayer Meeting.*

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay,  
     Which breaks upon the ear,  
     When, at the hour of rising day,  
     Believers join in prayer !
- 2 The breezes waft their cries  
     Up to Jehovah's throne ;  
     He listens to their humble sighs,  
     And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray  
     Before the morning light, —  
     Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
     And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,  
     Who sends his blessings down  
     To rescue souls condemned to die,  
     And make his people one.

38.

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

*Secret Prayer at Twilight.*

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
     From every cumbering care,  
     And spend the hours of closing day  
     In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

39.

C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

*Habitual Devotion.*

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gathering storm shall see;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
 That heart shall rest on thee.

40.

L. M.

COWPER.

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 WHAT various hinderances we meet,  
 In coming to a mercy-seat!  
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love;  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side;  
 But when through weariness they failed,  
 That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again.  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To Heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

41.

7s.

COBBIN.

*Prayer Meeting.*

- 1 LORD, there is a throne of grace;  
 There we now would seek thy face;  
 Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer  
 Of the soul that seeks thee there.



PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Though our language simple be,  
Words are nothing, Lord, with thee :  
To the broken, contrite heart,  
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,  
While the promises we plead ;  
And, while we the blessings gain,  
Thine the glory shall remain.

II. — PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

42. C. M. WATTS.  
*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look ! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate, —  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

43. S. M. BEDDOME.  
*Sanctifying Influence.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor, benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Melt, melt this frozen heart ;  
This stubborn will subdue ;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,  
But thine shall be the praise ;  
And unto thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

44. S. M. HART.  
*Sanctifying Influence.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

45. L. M. DODDRIDGE.  
*The Spirit invoked.*

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love ;  
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 O, let a holy flock await,  
In crowds, around thy temple gate,  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

46.

C. M. S. F. SMITH.

*Spirit of Holiness.*

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend ;  
Thy people wait for thee ;  
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend ;  
Let us thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,  
With wishful, longing eyes ;  
Let us no more lie desolate ;  
O, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,  
Leads us in hope to thee ;  
Let us not feel its rays alone —  
Alone thy people be.
- 4 O, bring our dearest friends to God ;  
Remember those we love ;  
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode ;  
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine  
To hear our feeble prayer,  
Come, — for we wait thy power divine, —  
Let us thy mercy share.

47.

L. M. BEDDOME.

*The indwelling Spirit.*

- 1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come  
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place ;  
O, make my sinful heart thy home,  
And consecrate it by thy grace.
- 2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,  
And drive thy foes forever thence ;  
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,  
And light, and life, and joy, dispense.
- 3 My wants supply ; my fears suppress ;  
Direct my way, and hold me up ;  
Teach me, in times of deep distress,  
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

48. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.  
*Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.*

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:  
We plead the promise of thy word;  
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry, —  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their varied wants supply, —  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou;  
We, children of thy grace:  
O, let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place;  
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 O, may that sacred fire,  
Descending from above,  
Our languid hearts inspire  
With fervent zeal and love;  
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,  
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

49. L. M. STENNETT.  
*The gracious Promise.*

- 1 "WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word:  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

III. — PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

50.

L. M.

KINGSBURY.

*A Revival desired.*

- 1 REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace;  
Heal every breach, and grant us peace;  
Rouse us from sloth; our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 2 May young and old thy word receive,  
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 3 May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness:  
And, when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.
- 4 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,  
In humble hope that thou wilt hear  
Our songs of praise and fervent prayer.

51.

S. M.

SAC. SONGS.

*Prayer for a Revival.*

- 1 O LORD, thy work revive  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power.
- 2 O, let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer;  
Their sacred vows again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear;  
Now listen to our cry:  
O, come and bring salvation near;  
Our souls on thee rely.

52.

8s, 7s & 4.

NEWTON.

*Prayer for a Revival.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;  
     Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;  
     All will come to desolation,  
     Unless thou return again :  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Surely once thy garden flourished ;  
     Every part looked gay and green ;  
     All its plants by thee were nourished ;  
     Then how cheering was the scene !  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Keep no longer at a distance ;  
     Shine upon us from on high,  
     Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
     Every plant should droop and die :  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.
- 4 Gracious Saviour, hasten hither ;  
     Thou canst make them bloom again ;  
     O, permit them not to wither ;  
     Let not all our hopes be vain :  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent ;  
     Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
     Let each one, esteemed thy servant,  
     Shun the world's bewitching snares :  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
     Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
     And begin, from this good hour,  
     To revive thy work afresh :  
         Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.

53.

L. M.

RIPPON.

*Divine Influence compared to Rain.*

- 1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,  
Our God shall send his Spirit down:  
Eternal Source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!
- 2 That heavenly influence let us find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To us, but poured on all mankind,  
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,  
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

54.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Waiting for an Answer.*

- 1 REVIVE our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 2 We wait to hear what God will say;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace;  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

55.

L. M.

NEWTON.

*Encouragement.*

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,  
To see the work of God decline,  
Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
"Dismiss thy fears — the ark is mine.
- 2 "Though for a time I hid my face,  
Rely upon my love and power;  
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,  
And wait for a reviving hour.

- 3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp ;  
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer ;  
The winter season has been sharp,  
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 4 Lord, I obey, — my hopes revive ;  
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing ;  
Our foes in vain against us strive,  
For God will help and triumph bring.

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THE BIBLE.

56.

C. M.

STEELE.

*The Bible suited to our Wants.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
Forever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Here purer sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever-dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour here.



57. C. M. COWPER.  
*The Bible the Light of the World.*

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!  
 Majestic, like the sun,  
 It gives a light to every age;  
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat:  
 Its truths upon the nations rise;  
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
 For such a bright display  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of Him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

58. L. M. WATTS.  
*The Power of Truth.*

- 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,  
 Sent to the nations from above;  
 Jehovah here resolves to show  
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,  
 To heal diseases of the mind—  
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
 Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;  
 Sinners obey the voice, and live;  
 Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,  
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,  
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too;  
 The word that saves me does engage  
 A sure defence from all their rage.

59.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

*The Revelation of a Saviour.*

- 1 THE word reveals a Saviour's grace,  
Its height, and breadth, and length;  
It points us to his righteousness,  
And arms us with his strength.
- 2 It cheers our minds like heavenly dew,  
Or kind, refreshing rain;  
And when affliction brings us low,  
It softens every pain.
- 3 This word shall be our heritage,  
Our portion and delight,  
In sickness or declining age,  
When death appears in sight.
- 4 Then will it cheer the dreary path,  
And brighten all the gloom;  
While steadfast hope and humble faith  
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

60.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

*The Glory of the Word.*

- 1 A GLORY in the word we find,  
When grace restores our sight;  
But sin has darkened all the mind,  
And veiled the heavenly light.
- 2 When God the Spirit clears our view,  
How bright the doctrines shine!  
Their holy fruits and sweetness show  
The Author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we with open face  
To view thy glory, Lord,  
And all thy image here to trace  
Reflected in thy word!
- 4 O, teach us, as we look, to grow  
In holiness and love,  
That we may long to see and know  
Thy glorious face above.

61.

12s &amp; 11s.

ANON.

*The Family Bible.*

- 1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
 Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,  
 When blest with parental advice and affection,  
 Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!  
 I still view the chair of my father and mother,  
 The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,  
 And that richest book which excels every other,  
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.  
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight;  
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
 For mercy by day and for safety through night.  
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
 All warm from the heart of a family band,  
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.  
 The old-fashioned Bible, &c.
- 3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,  
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;  
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,  
 And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.  
 Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,  
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?  
 O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,  
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;  
 The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

62.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

*Preciousness of the Bible.*

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,  
 By inspiration given!  
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
 In this dark vale of tears;  
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.

SINNERS WARNED.

- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

63.

L. M.

KELLY.

*Delight in the Scriptures.*

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God ;  
No other can its place supply ;  
It points me to the saint's abode,  
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.
- 2 Blest book ! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord ;  
From thine instructive page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love ;  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And thus partake of joys above.

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SINNERS.

I. — WARNED.

64.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Sinner found wanting.*

- 1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye ;  
Behold God's balance lifted high :  
There shall his justice be displayed,  
And there thy hope and life be weighed.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law ;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw :  
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain ?  
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !

- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears  
To trace in dreadful characters —  
“Sinner — thy soul is wanting found,  
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.’
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;  
Let horror change thy guilty face;  
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

65.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

*Danger of Delay.*

- 1 ALL yesterday is gone;  
To-morrow's not our own;  
O sinner, come, without delay,  
To bow before the throne.
- 2 O, hear his voice to-day,  
And harden not your heart;  
To-morrow, with a frown, he may  
Pronounce the word, — “Depart.”

66.

7s.

T. SCOTT.

*Danger of Delay.*

- 1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner; now return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

67. L. M. HYDE.  
*The Voice within.*

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control!
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;  
It was the Saviour's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind;  
That call thou mayst not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner, perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

68. 8s, 7s & 4. REED.  
*The Sinner warned.*

- 1 HEAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls:  
Trust in Jesus;  
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over;  
Soon your life will pass away:  
Haste to Jesus;  
You must perish if you stay.

69. L. M. WATTS.  
*The Road to Life and to Death.*

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.

SINNERS WARNED.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command :  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new --  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

70.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

*Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.*

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

71.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

*The Sinner at the Judgment.*

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?



- 2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly;  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

72.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Life the Day of Grace and Hope.*

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven —  
The day of grace; and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work, is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

73.

S. M.

HYDE.

*Grieve not the Spirit.*

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine?



SINNERS WARNED.

- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Saviour from thy breast,  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace, so dearly bought,  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise.

74.

12s & 11s.

J. B. HAGUE.

*"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."*

- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,  
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;  
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!  
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!  
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee:  
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!  
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee:  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;  
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:  
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him:  
O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend;  
Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him;  
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

75.

11s.

SACRED SONGS.

*Delay not.*

- 1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;  
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;  
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

II. — INVITED.

76.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to the neck;  
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

77.

L. M.

STEELE.

*Rest for the weary Penitent.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,  
O, come and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
O, sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

78.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Object of Christ's Advent.*

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;  
Trust in his mighty name, and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

79.

C. M.

STEELE.

*The Saviour's Invitation.*

- 1 THE Saviour calls ; let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound ;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ,  
That gracious voice obey ;  
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;  
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

80.

7s.

PRATT'S COL.

*Christ's Invitation.*

- 1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrims, hither come.
- 2 Hither come ; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

81.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Yet there is Room.*

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.

- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls — he bids you come:  
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,  
Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;  
While hope expects the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before the eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In songs on earth unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come:  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
And enter while there's room.

82.

H. M.      TOPLADY.

*The Jubilee proclaimed.*

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood,  
Through all the lands, proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace  
Ye happy souls, draw near;  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

83.

12s.

THORNBY.

*The Voice of Free Grace.*

- 1 THE voice of Free Grace cries, Escape to the mountain;  
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain:  
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon;  
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour;  
He calls you in mercy; — 'tis infinite favor;  
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain;  
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 O Jesus, ride on, triumphantly glorious;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;  
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,  
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation —  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

84.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind, —

- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away, and die, —  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

85.

S. M.

DOBELL.

*Now the accepted Time.*

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time ;  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;  
The Saviour calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late ;  
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;  
The gospel bids you come,  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love ;  
Then will the angels swiftly fly  
To bear the news above.

86.

7s.

CONVERT'S COMP.

*Offered Peace.*

- 1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears ;  
Jesus on the throne appears ;  
Mercy comes with balmy wing,  
Bids you his salvation sing.
- 2 Peace he brings you by his death,  
Peace he speaks with every breath ;  
Can you slight such heavenly charms ?  
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.



87.

8s, 7s & 4.

HART.

*Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.*

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Come in mercy's gracious hour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able —  
He is willing — doubt no more.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:  
"It is finished;"  
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.
- 4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him — venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

III. — ENTREATED.

88.

C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

*The Saviour at the Door.*

- 1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands  
And knocks at every door!  
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,  
To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die  
To bring you to my rest:  
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,  
And be forever blest.



- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or in the glorious realms above,  
With me, forever dwell?"
- 4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or will you make that wretched choice,  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

89.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*One Thing needful.*

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Then we no more on trifling cares  
Shall waste that life thy mercy spares.

90.

11s.

ANON.

*Acquaint thyself quickly.*

- 1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;  
And peace, like the dewdrops, shall fall on thy head;  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;  
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

91.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ALLEN.

*Glad Tidings.*

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, O, how tender!  
Every line is full of love:  
Listen to it;  
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim:  
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;  
Free forgiveness in his name:"  
How important!  
"Free forgiveness in his name."
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
And with news of consolation  
Chase away the falling tears;  
Tender heralds!  
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believ'd?  
Who received the joyful word?  
Who embraced the news of pardon  
Offered to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it?  
Offered to you by the Lord.

92.

L. M.

GRIGG.

*The Heavenly Guest.*

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks — has knocked before;  
Has waited long — is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely Saviour, see, he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands!  
O, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will ; the very friend you need :  
The friend of sinners — yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Admit him, ere his anger burn —  
His feet departed ne'er return :  
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

93.

S. M. SELECT HYMNS.

*Now the Day of Grace.*

- 1 NOW is the day of grace ;  
Now to the Saviour come ;  
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,  
And I will guide you home."
- 2 A Father bids you speed ;  
O, wherefore then delay ?  
He calls in love ; he sees your need ;  
He bids you come to-day.
- 3 To-day the prize is won ;  
The promise is to save ;  
Then, O, be wise ; to-morrow's sun  
May shine upon your grave.

94.

C. M. JONES.

*The Invitation and the Resolve.*

- 1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve : —
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts ; I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
 But, if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go;  
 I am resolved to try;  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must forever die."

## CHRISTIANS.

### I. — REGENERATION.

95. L. M. WATTS.  
*The Spirit enlightening and renewing.*

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
 Thy power conveys our blessings down  
 From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,  
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
 Thine inward teachings make us know  
 Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
 And break the chains of reigning sin;  
 Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,  
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;  
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
 And calm the surges of the mind.

96. C. M. WATTS:  
*Regeneration by the Spirit.*

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
 Nor rites that God has given,  
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
 Can raise a soul to heaven.

REGENERATION.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace,  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
Creates anew the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From their long sleep of death ;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

97.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Salvation by Grace.*

- 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been ;  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,  
Forever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done ;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

98.

C. P. M.

OCCUM.

*Conviction and Conversion.*

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
Exposed to endless woe ;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or else to ruin go.
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
For death and hell drew near ;  
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain ;  
"The sinner must be born again"  
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It poured its curses on my head ;  
I no relief could find.  
This fearful truth increased my pain ;  
"The sinner must be born again"  
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load :  
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare ;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour passed this way,  
And felt his pity move :  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

II. — REPENTANCE.

99.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Pardon penitently implored.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

100.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Pleading the Death of Christ.*

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call;  
My load of guilt remove;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace:  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.

- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,  
For sin could e'er atone;  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert  
My God will ne'er despise;  
A broken and a contrite heart  
Is our best sacrifice.

101.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Ingratitude deplored.*

- 1 IS this the kind return?  
Are these the thanks we owe? —  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange, rebellious wretches we!  
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes;  
And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

102.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Godly Sorrow at the Cross.*

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!



REPENTANCE.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

103. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.  
*Repentance in View of the Cross.*

- 1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,  
A weeping Saviour see?  
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,  
Who groaned and died for me?
- 2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine  
Subdue each stubborn foe;  
Come, fill my heart with love divine,  
And bid my sorrows flow.

104. S. M. BEDDOME.  
*Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.*

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

105.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Returning to God.*

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul is humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness

106.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Contrition.*

- 1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh;  
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A sinful wanderer mourn:  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, "Return"?
- 3 O, shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.
- 4 Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy;  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy.

107.

C. M.

STENNETT.

*Pardon implored.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upward to thy mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed;  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;  
Do thou my sins forgive:  
Thy justice will approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

108.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Backslider's Supplication.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

109.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Pardoning Love.*

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardoned rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Blest Saviour, I adore;  
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

110.

L. M.

HART.

*Hardness of Heart lamented.*

- 1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To chase the shades of night away;  
To melt, with beams of love divine,  
This unrelenting heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The ocean roar, the mountain shake;  
All nature feels, and gives the sign,  
But not this stubborn heart of mine.
- 3 Dear Lord, the sorrows thou hast felt  
Might cause a heart of stone to melt;  
Yet I can read each sacred line,  
And nothing melt this heart of mine.
- 4 But power supreme the soul can move,  
And purify and melt to love:  
Come, Holy Spirit, power divine,  
O come, subdue this heart of mine.

111.

7s.

SACRED SONGS.

*Deep Contrition.*

- 1 JESUS, save my dying soul ;  
Make the broken spirit whole ;  
Humbled in the dust I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal thy smiling face ;  
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known ;  
Thou art righteous, thou alone ;  
All my help is from thy cross ;  
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;  
Wilt thou — wilt thou not forgive ?  
Helpless at thy feet I lie ;  
Saviour leave me not to die.

112.

7s.

RAFFLES.

*Confession of Sin.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,  
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;  
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry ;  
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
Chief of sinners, I have been ;  
Oft have sinned before thy face ;  
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy fatal dart  
Pierce this guilty, broken heart ;  
Justly might thy righteous breath  
Doom me to eternal death.
- 4 Jesus, save my dying soul ;  
Make my broken spirit whole ;  
Humbled in the dust I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.

113.

C. M.

JERVIS.

*Peace to the Penitent.*

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks  
The words of life and peace, —  
That bids the penitent rejoice,  
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth, like this,  
Can cheer the contrite heart;  
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss  
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind;  
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:  
The broken heart thy grace can bind,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore  
True peace within my breast;  
Conduct me in the path that leads  
To everlasting rest.

114.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

*The penitent Inquirer.*

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! — can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear,  
And the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hear his gracious calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above:  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget? —  
Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament;  
Deeply my revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

III. — FAITH.

115.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Relying on the Atonement.*

- 1 O LORD, I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No human power could cleanse me so.
- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

116.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Depending on Christ's Righteousness.*

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
O, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

117.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curséd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

118.

L. M.

ANON.

*The Cross.*

- 1 INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,  
In glowing letters, " God is love ;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree ;  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 2 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup ;—
- 3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angel's theme in heaven above.



119.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Sufficiency of the Atonement.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
O, may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

120.

7s.

TOPLADY.

*Christ the Rock of Ages.*

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure, —  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne, —  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

121.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

*A Refuge.*

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, O, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
All in all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

122.

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and forevermore,—  
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

123.

8s & 6.

ANON.

*Coming to Christ.*

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am — thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

IV. — PEACE IN BELIEVING.

124.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 SALVATION is forever nigh  
 The souls who fear and trust the Lord;  
 And grace, descending from on high,  
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
 Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;  
 By his atonement, so complete,  
 Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 His righteousness is gone before,  
 To give us free access to God;  
 Our wandering feet shall stray no more,  
 But mark his steps, and keep the road.

125.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.*

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,  
 Through all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a penitent return, —  
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father does approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love;  
 The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The holy soul he formed anew;  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King.

126.

C. M.

NEWTON.

*Amazing Grace.*

- 1 AMAZING grace, — how sweet the sound, —  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
But grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

127.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.*

- 1 O, BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are covered o'er;  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound,  
Till I confessed my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray;  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

128. C. M. WATTS.  
*The Change effected by Grace.*

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,  
 And changed my mournful state,  
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did thy hand confess ;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,  
 And owned thy power divine ;  
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,  
 "And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night,  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness wait  
 Till the fair harvest come ;  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessings home.

129. C. M. WATTS.  
*Salvation.*

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But we arise, by grace divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

130.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.*

- 1 I LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan :  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,  
And chased my grief away :  
O, let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed :  
He bade my pains remove ;  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

131.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Dependence upon Christ.*

- 1 HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ, with his reviving light,  
O'er our dark souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of Heaven ;  
But, in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways ;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cruel chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God,  
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.



132.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Salvation by Grace.*

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound —  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

133.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

*Christ our Righteousness.*

- 1 JESUS, thy robe of righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;  
'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea, —  
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 That spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its lovely hue ;  
Its glory is forever new.
- 4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice ;  
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice :  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress, —  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.



134.

7s &amp; 6s.

NEWTON.

*Christ the great Physician.*

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole !  
There is but one physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul.  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light, compared with sin ;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within ;  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness, all combined ;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain ;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain ;  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost ;  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were crossed.
- 4 At length, this great Physician —  
How matchless is his grace ! —  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case ;  
First gave me sight to view him, —  
For sin my eyes had sealed, —  
Then bade me look unto him :  
I looked, and I was healed.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death.  
Come, then, to this Physician ;  
His help he'll freely give ;  
He makes no hard condition ;  
'Tis only, Look and live.

135.

6s & 9s.

ANON.

*Joy of a Convert.*

1 O, HOW happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine  
When the favor divine  
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.  
When at first I believed,  
What true joy I received!  
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died  
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

6 Now my remnant of days  
Would I spend to his praise  
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;  
Whether many or few,  
All my years are his due;  
May they all be devoted to him.

## V. — P R O F E S S I O N .

136. L. M. DODDRIDGE.  
*Uniting with the Church.*

- 1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who claims my highest love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,  
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

137. 7s. MONTGOMERY.  
*Joined to God's People.*

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns, —  
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
Earth can fill my soul no more ;  
Every idol I resign.

138.

L. M.

KELLY.

*Receiving Members.*

- 1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;  
O, come in Jesus' precious name;  
We welcome thee with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same
- 2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands  
Within the book of life above;  
And now to thine we join our hands,  
In token of fraternal love.
- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,  
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known  
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat;  
Receive assurance of our love;  
O, may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above.

139.

L. M.

NEWTON.

*Receiving Members.*

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of Him  
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
And long to see the glorious day  
When we shall meet to part no more.

PROFESSION.

140. 8s & 7s. GRANT.  
*Forsaking all to follow Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee ;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be,  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate and friends disown me ;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me ;  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast :  
Life with trials hard may press me ;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :  
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

141. C. M. ANON.  
*Self-Dedication.*

- 1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart ;  
Possess thy humble throne ;  
Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for thy own.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake ;  
To thee I all resign ;  
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,  
And fill with love divine.
- 3 O, may I never turn aside,  
Nor from thy bosom flee ;  
Let nothing here my heart divide ;  
I give it all to thee.

142. C. M. PRATT'S COL.  
*The Pledge of Fidelity.*

- 1 YE men and angels, witness now, —  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To him we make our solemn vow, —  
A vow we dare not break, —

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely ;  
May he, with our returning wants,  
All needful aid supply.
- 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

VI. — HOLY LIVING.

143.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.*

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

144.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Following the Example of Christ.*

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

145.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

*Imitation of Christ.*

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,  
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;  
As thou hast done, so would I do,  
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight  
To do thy Father's will;  
O, may that zeal my soul excite  
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,  
Through all thy conduct shine;  
O, may my whole deportment prove  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

146.

L. M.

GRIGG.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be —  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! — that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! — when I blush, be this my shame, —  
That I no more revere his name.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! — yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And, O, may this my glory be, —  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

147.

H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

*The Cross the Way to the Crown.*

- 1 LOOK up to yonder world!  
See myriads round the throne!  
Each bears a golden harp,  
And wears a glorious crown:  
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,  
And in their praises never tire.
- 2 Believing in his name,  
They in his footsteps trod;  
His righteousness their hope,  
Their only plea his blood:  
Lo, now they reign with him above,  
Behold his face, and sing his love.
- 3 And shall not we aspire,  
Like them, our course to run?  
The crown if we would wear,  
That crown must first be won:  
Divinely taught, they showed the way,  
First to believe, and then obey.

148.

C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

*Watch and pray.*

- 1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
To those who seek its power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
Obedience is our life.



- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;  
For soon the hour will come  
That calls us from the earth away,  
To our eternal home.
- 4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,  
And hear thy sacred voice,  
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,  
To heaven's eternal joys.

149.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Christian Soldier.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord:  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

150.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

*Following Christ.*

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;  
We seek that promised soil:  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 We tread the path our Master trod;  
We bear the cross he bore;  
And every thorn that wounds our feet  
His temples pierced before.
- 3 Our powers are oft dissolved away  
In ecstasies of love;  
And while our bodies wander here,  
Our souls are fixed above.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run;  
But while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heaven is here begun.

151.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

152.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Renouncing Sin.*

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God;  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

153.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The heavenly Race.*

- 1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply;  
While those who trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

154.

S. M.

HEATH.

*Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.*

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

155.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on, —  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

156.

L. M.

CEN.

*Christ the Way.*

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view ; —
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness ;  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief, my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
“Come hither, soul ; I am the way.”
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Wilt take me to thee as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, “Behold the way to God.”

157.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Consecration in View of the Cross.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VII. — TRIALS AND COMFORTS.

158.

H. M.

WATTS.

*God our Preserver.*

1 TO heaven I lift mine eyes;  
From God is all my aid, —  
The God who built the skies,  
And earth and nature made;  
God is the tower                      |      His grace is nigh  
To which I fly;                      |      In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,                      |      Shall Israel keep  
Which never sleep,                      |      When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,                      |      To guard my head  
And thou my shade,                      |      By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath:  
I'll go and come,                      |      Till from on high  
Nor fear to die,                      |      Thou call me home.

159.

S. M.

WATTS.

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me, in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my future days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

160.

11s & 10s.

ANON.

*The Lord is my Shepherd.*

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me repose  
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;  
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,  
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path  
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;  
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,  
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

161.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Faithfulness.*

- 1 HE lives ! he lives ! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there :  
Who shall divide us from his love,  
Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 2 Shall persecution, or distress,  
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness ?  
He who hath loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 3 Faith has an overcoming power ;  
It triumphs in the dying hour :  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 4 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

162.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Affliction.*

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan ;  
To thee I breathe my sighs ;  
When will the mournful night be gone ?  
When shall my joys arise ?
- 2 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy promise is my stay ;  
Here would I rest till light returns ;  
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace  
Relieve my aching heart ;  
O, smile, and bid my sorrows cease,  
And all their gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
And bless thy healing rays,  
And change these deep, complaining sighs  
For songs of sacred praise.



163.

L. M.

WATTS.

*God the Refuge and Portion of his People.*

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, his holy word,  
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;  
Sweet peace the promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

164.

C. M.

PITT.

*God our Guardian.*

- 1 ON God we build our sure defence ;  
In God our hopes repose ;  
His hand protects our varying life,  
And guards us from our foes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,  
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,  
Whose soft and silver streams refresh  
The city of our God.

165.

8s.

NEWTON.

*Longing for Christ.*

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me :  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I, —  
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned ;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

166.

10s & 11s.

NEWTON.

*Christian Confidence.*

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief ; my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear ;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform :  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death :  
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain? — he told me no less ;  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food ;  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
And then, O, how pleasant the conqueror's song !

167.

S. M.

MASON.

*Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.*

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God ;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul  
He doth himself impart,  
And for his temple and his throne  
Selects the pure in heart.

168.

C. M.

WATTS.

*God our Portion.*

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint;  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners, that remove  
Far from thy presence, die;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

169.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Protection and Safety.*

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be, —  
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love,  
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on,  
Within the gates of Paradise,  
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

170.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Earnest of Heaven.*

- 1 WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal them heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In my Redeemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safely bear me home.

171.

C. M.

B. W. NOEL.

*Hope in Trouble.*

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born Faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that troubled conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin,  
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,  
And ends the strife within.
- 5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

172.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Protection from spiritual Enemies.*

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed,  
And on the Rock of ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 3 The city of my blest abode  
Is walled around with grace;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

173.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Security and Comfort in God.*

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

174.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Safety.*

- 1 HOW can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be forever thine ;  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give him all.

175.

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

*Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.*

- 1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think what Jesus did to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there :  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

176.

C. M.

COWPER.

*The Mystery of Providence.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

177.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Security in God.*

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.



- 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

178.

C. M.

STEELE.

*True Happiness to be found only in God.*

- 1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,  
In search of solid rest ;  
The whole creation is too poor  
To make me truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind ;  
In God alone this restless heart  
Enduring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want ;  
Here would my spirit rest ;  
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,  
And make me fully blest.

179.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Christ unseen, yet beloved.*

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord ;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face ;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we feel thy love,  
Diviner joys arise ;  
On wings of faith we soar above,  
To mansions in the skies.

180.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Faithfulness of God.*

- 1 THE promises I sing,  
Which sovereign love hath spoke;  
Nor will th' eternal King  
His words of grace revoke;  
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill  
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,  
When once the Judge appears,  
And sun and moon decay,  
That measure mortal years:  
But still the same, | The promise-shines  
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound  
Through my attentive ears,  
When thunders cleave the ground,  
And dissipate the spheres:  
'Midst all the shock, | I stand serene,  
Of that dread scene | Thy word my rock.

181.

S. M.

S. STENNETT

*The Pleasures of social Worship.*

- 1 HOW charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 To him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 3 To them his sovereign will  
He graciously imparts;  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

182. C. M. WATTS.  
*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

183. S. M. WATTS.  
*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place ;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

184.

C. M. SAB. RECREATIONS.

*Resignation.*

- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,  
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;  
And joy hath budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good  
Which prosperous days refused ;  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven ;  
So life's tempestuous storms the more  
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief  
That brings me near to thee.

185.

S. M. TOPLADY.

*Trust in God.*

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take :  
Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then will we trust our gracious God,  
And rest upon his name.

- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control ;  
His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee ;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

186. L. M. MEDLEY.  
*The loving Kindness of the Lord.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me :  
His loving kindness, O, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate :  
His loving kindness, O, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along :  
His loving kindness, O, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood :  
His loving kindness, O, how good !
- 5 I often feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
But though I oft have him forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O, may my last, expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

187. 7s. SWAIN.  
*The Christian Soldier encouraged.*

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear;  
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
 One that loves us to the end:  
 Forward, then, with courage go;  
 Long we shall not dwell below;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls; come home!"
- 2 In the way a thousand snares  
 Lie, to take us unawares;  
 Satan, with malicious art,  
 Watches each unguarded part;  
 But from Satan's malice free,  
 Saints shall soon victorious be;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls; come home!"
- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,  
 None so oft mislead our feet,  
 None betray us into sin,  
 Like the foes that dwell within;  
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace;  
 Christ will also conquer these;  
 Then the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls; come home!"

188. L. M. ANON.  
*The Heart turning to God.*

- 1 WHEN morning pours its golden rays  
 O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,  
 My heart, unbidden, swells in praise,  
 Father of light and life, to thee!
- 2 When night from heaven steals darkly down,  
 And throws a shade o'er lawn and lea,  
 My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,  
 And bows in worship still to thee!
- 3 If tempests sweep the angry sky,  
 Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,  
 If joys and sorrows dim the eye,  
 Father in heaven, I turn to thee!

189.

L. M.

ANON.

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 TAKE thou no thought, O child of dust,  
For what to-morrow's dawn may bring  
But in the Lord, thy Saviour, trust,  
And hide beneath his guardian wing.
- 2 Thy times are in his hand alone,  
That hand which deals thy daily bread ;  
To him the coming hour is known,  
That lays thee with the silent dead.
- 3 Wouldst thou, a worm of earth, explore  
His counsels, hid from angel eyes ?  
Indulge the impious wish no more,  
Nor tempt thy God — "God only wise."
- 4 Enough, if, through life's path, to heaven  
He deign to guide thy devious way ;  
Enough, that grace and strength be given,  
Sufficient for the passing day.

190.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.*

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
My offering shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul, in anguish, made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blesséd God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
How great thy grace to me !  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

- 5 Now I am thine, — forever thine, —  
 Nor shall my purpose move;  
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record;  
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

191. C. M. COTTON.  
*The Afflicted remembering God.*

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,  
 Where wave resounds to wave;  
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
 I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
 Can give my spirit peace;  
 And he who bade the tempest roar  
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In silent watches of the night,  
 I'll count his mercies o'er;  
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
 And humbly ask for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
 And pressed on every side,  
 The Lord has still sustained my steps,  
 And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
 Nor murmur at his rod:  
 He's more than all the world to me —  
 My health, my life, my God!

192. C. M. NEWTON.

*Mourning over departed Comforts.*

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.



- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue ;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;  
O, make my soul thy care :  
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;  
Let me that mercy share.

193.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Abba, Father.*

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
May purify our souls from sin,  
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

194. C. M. TOPLADY.  
*Sweetness of Submission.*

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to soar away ; —
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward, to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above ; —
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own ; —
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on the promise of his grace  
For all things to depend ; —
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,  
Directly, Lord, from thee !

195. C. M. WATTS:  
*Security in Christ.*

- 1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,  
E'en when he hides his face !  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
The kingdom of his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints !  
Christ and his flock are one :  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,  
And heavenly joy possessed :  
I'll render thanks for grace received,  
And trust him for the rest.

196.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

*Reliance on God.*

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name ;  
When, in distress, to him I called,  
He to my succor came.
- 3 O, make but trial of his love —  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

197.

C. M.

STEELE.

*A Refuge from the Storm.*

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

198.

C. M.

J. RYLAND.

*Delight in God.*

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;  
I triumph and adore;  
My great concern shall ever be  
To love and please thee more.

199.

11s.

KIRKHAM.

*Christian Safety.*

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said —  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 “In every condition — in sickness, in health;  
In poverty’s vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea, —  
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 “Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 “When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless;  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake  
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake !"

200.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Living by Faith on the Son of God.*

- 1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh  
I hold my frail abode,  
Still would my spirit rest on thee,  
My Saviour and my God.
- 2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,  
Then raise them to thy seat ;  
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,  
At my Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;  
Be dead to every sin ;  
And tell the boldest foe without,  
That Jesus reigns within.

VIII. — HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS

201.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Walking with God.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God !  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

202.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Indwelling of God desired.*

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn, the height, and breadth, and length,  
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done,  
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

203.

C. M.

STEELE.

*The Presence of God sought in his House.*

- 1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,  
Our humble tribute own,  
While, with our praises and complaints,  
We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise !  
How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows !  
How languid our desire !  
How dim the sacred passion glows  
Till thou the heart inspire !
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwelling here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.

204.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

*Desiring Heaven.*

- 1 THOU dearest object of my love,  
I long to dwell with thee above ;  
Fain would I leave the world, and rise  
To yon fair mansion in the skies.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my peaceful home ;  
I faint with toil, and often say,  
“ Let not thy chariot long delay.”
- 3 As one forsaken, and forlorn,  
Thy absence, gracious Lord, I mourn ;  
I long thy blissful face to see,  
And dwell forever near to thee.
- 4 With patience I would wear the chain,  
Till I my sweet release obtain ;  
Still waiting for that blessed day  
When thou wilt call my soul away.

205.

C. M.

STEELE.

*God's Presence desired.*

- 1 THY gracious presence, O my God,  
Can soothe my inward pains ;  
With this, beneath affliction's load,  
My heart no more complains.
- 2 This can my every care control,  
And gild each scene with light ;  
This is the sunshine of the soul ;  
Without it, all is night.
- 3 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart  
With thy reviving ray,  
And bid these mournful shades depart,  
And bring the dawn of day.
- 4 O, happy scenes of pure delight,  
Where thy full beams arise !  
Unclouded beauty to the sight,  
Sweet rapture and surprise !
- 5 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart  
Aspire in vain to thee ?  
Confirm my hope, that where thou art  
I shall forever be.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing  
The darkest hours away,  
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,  
To everlasting day.

206.

C. M.

TATE &amp; BRADY.

*Longing after God.*

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine :  
O, when shall I behold thy face,  
In majesty divine ?



207.

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

*Desiring Sanctification.*

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus, thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all thy grace inherit;  
Let us find thy promised rest:  
Take away the love of sinning;  
Take our load of guilt away;  
End the work of thy beginning;  
Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation;  
Pure and holy may we be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee;  
Change from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

208.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Prayer for Submission.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise: —
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

209.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Heavenly Aspirations.*

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high;  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 O, might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
How vain a thing this world would be!  
How empty all its fleeting joys!
- 3 Great All in All, eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

210.

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

OLIVER.

*God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

211.

7s & 6s.

ANON.

*Looking forward.*

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,  
From every transient joy,  
From every mortal treasure  
That soon will fade and die, —  
No longer these desiring,  
Our wishes upward tend,  
To nobler bliss aspiring,  
And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow  
That heaves our breast to-day,  
Or threatens us to-morrow,  
Hope turns our eyes away;  
On wings of faith ascending,  
We see the land of light,  
And feel our sorrows ending  
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers  
And pilgrims here below;  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go:  
Though painful and distressing,  
Yet there's a rest above;  
And onward still we're pressing,  
To reach that land of love.

212.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

*Vanity of the World and Happiness of Heaven.*

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!  
How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true —  
The glory of a passing hour!

- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a brighter world on high  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :  
If God be ours, we're travelling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

213.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The everlasting Song.*

- 1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits —  
The God ! how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
His wondrous love they sing !  
Jesus, the life of all our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too ;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, —  
Here's joyful work for you.
- 6 I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise :  
O for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies !

214.

7s &amp; 6s. TIEBOUT'S COL.

*Longing for Heaven.*

- 1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And from that flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love ?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier ;  
My Captain's gone before ;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er :  
His faithful word has promised  
A righteous crown to give ;  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determined  
To conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love to fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow —  
I bid you all adieu ;  
And O, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love ;  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

215.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Parting with carnal Joys.*

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of dark despair;  
And while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!

216.

7s & 6s.

CENNICK.

*The Christian Pilgrimage.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from all terrestrial things,  
Towards heaven, thy native place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face, —  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

217.

8s, 7s & 4.

ANON.

*Pleading the Promises.*

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O, gently lead us  
Through this lowly vale of tears;  
And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears:  
O refresh us —  
O refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,  
But will save from every sin:  
Therefore praise him —  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee —  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:  
Therefore praise him —  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 O that I could now adore him  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who forever bow before him,  
And, unceasing, sing his love!  
Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?

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THE CHURCH.

I. — SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

218.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Safety of the Church.*

- 1 HOW honored is the place  
Where we adoring stand! —  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land.

- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend  
The city where we dwell,  
While walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates ;  
The doors wide open fling ;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of your King.
- 4 Here taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace,  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.

219.

8s, 7s & 4.

KELLY.

*God the Defence of Zion.*

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded —  
Zion, kept by power divine :  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee ;  
Thou art precious in his sight :  
God is with thee —  
God, thine everlasting light.



220.

S. M.

WATTS.

*God the Protector of his Church.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress:  
How bright has his salvation shone,  
Through all her palaces!
- 3 When Kings against her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind,  
They fled with hasty fear.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair;  
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

221.

11s.

SOC. HYMNS.

*The Church victorious.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued  
them;  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

222.

8s &amp; 7s.

NEWTON.

*The Church God's chosen Residence.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,  
Still is precious in thy sight,  
Judah's temple far excelling,  
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose ?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply her sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.
- 5 Round her habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.
- 6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.

223.

11s.

ANON.

*Safety of the Church.*

- 1 O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm :  
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,  
In safety and quiet thy voyage he ends.

CHURCH ORDER AND UNITY.

- 3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he cries,  
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
Still, still I am with thee ; my promise shall stand ;  
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name  
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain !  
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5 "Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure ;  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

II. — CHURCH ORDER AND UNITY.

224.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Gospel Order.*

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy thy people stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Survey with care thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well, —
- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent, and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

- 6 The God we worship now  
 Will guide us till we die —  
 Will be our God while here below,  
 And ours above the sky.

225.

C. M.

ANON.

*Saints on Earth and in Heaven.*

- 1 IN one fraternal bond of love,  
 One fellowship of mind,  
 The saints below and saints above  
 Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
 Thy statutes are their song;  
 There, through one bright, eternal age,  
 Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part  
 Of that thrice happy whole,  
 Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,  
 Its life from thee, the soul.

226.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

*Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds  
 In sweet communion kindred minds!  
 How swift the heavenly course they run,  
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
 What tender love, what holy fear!  
 How does the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
 For human guilt and human woe!  
 Their ardent prayers together rise,  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire:  
 Then shall they meet in realms above —  
 A heaven of joy — a heaven of love.

227.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

*One Church.*

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him;  
One church above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream —  
The narrow stream — of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
- 5 O Saviour, be our constant Guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

228.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Christian Harmony.*

- 1 LO! what an entertaining sight  
Those friendly brethren prove,  
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
Of harmony and love! —
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,  
Descend to every soul,  
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole!
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

229.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The general Assembly of Saints.*

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the great, the glorious host  
Of angels clothed in light;  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven,  
And God, the Judge, who doth declare  
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
Our weary souls would rest;  
The man who dwells where Jesus is  
Must be forever blest.

230.

C. M.

SWAIN.

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfil his word!—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart!—

- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

231.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

*Attachment to the Church.*

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand, from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

232.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Union and Peace.*

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs  
Such streams of pleasure flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus, when on Aaron's head  
They poured the rich perfume,  
The oil through all his raiment spread,  
And fragrance filled the room.
- 5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,  
And all the air is love.

233.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

*Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.



## MISSIONS.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.
- 

## MISSIONS.

234.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The great Commission.*

- 1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord ;  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive :  
He shall be saved that trusts my word,  
And he condemned who'll not believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known ;  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end ;  
All power is trusted in my hands ;  
I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shoné round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

235.

C. M.

W. WARD.

*Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine ;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe and every soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays,  
And build on sin's demolished throne  
The temples of thy praise.

236.

7s &amp; 6s.

HEBER.

*Condition of the Heathen.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,—  
Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
Roll down their golden sand,—  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,—  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,—  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown:  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Salvation! O, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

237.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

*Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

- 1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,  
Armed with thy Spirit's power:  
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace  
The barren wastes shall rise,  
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,  
A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root  
In each regenerate heart;  
Shall in a growth divine arise,  
And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch  
Her wings from shore to shore;  
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,  
Nor murderous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days  
Are in thy word foretold;  
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring  
This promised age of gold.

- 6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's  
 Unnumbered myriads cry ;  
 "Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's  
 Unnumbered choirs reply.

238.

7s &amp; 6s.

ANON.

*The Gospel Banner.*

- 1 NOW be the gospel banner  
 In every land unfurled ;  
 And be the shout, hosanna,  
 Reëchoed through the world ;  
 Till every isle and nation,  
 Till every tribe and tongue,  
 Receive the great salvation,  
 And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though th' embattled legions  
 Of earth and hell combine, —  
 His arm, throughout their regions,  
 Shall soon resplendent shine :  
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious !  
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace !  
 Thy triumph shall be glorious ;  
 Thy empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,  
 O Jesus, King of kings !  
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
 Each ransomed captive sings :  
 The isles for thee are waiting,  
 The deserts learn thy praise,  
 The hills and valleys, greeting,  
 The song responsive raise.

239.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Zion's Prosperity.*

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,  
 And raise thy hands on high ;  
 Tell all the earth thy joys,  
 And boast salvation nigh ;  
 Cheerful in God, | While rays divine  
 Arise and shine, | Stream far abroad.

# MISSIONS.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face  
 With beams that cannot fade ;  
 His all-resplendent grace  
 He pours around thy head :  
 The nations round | With lustre new  
 Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.
- 3 In honor to his name,  
 Reflect that sacred light,  
 And loud that grace proclaim  
 Which makes thy darkness bright :  
 Pursue his praise, | In worlds above  
 Till sovereign love | The glory raise.
- 4 There, on his holy hill,  
 A brighter Sun shall rise,  
 And with his radiance fill  
 Those fairer, purer skies :  
 While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres  
 Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

240.

8s, 7s & 4.

REED'S COL.

## *Victories of Christ.*

- 1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour ;  
 Make the word of truth thy car ;  
 Prosper in thy course, triumphant ;  
 All success attend thy war ;  
 Gracious Victor,  
 Bring thy trophies from afar.
- 2 Majesty combines with meekness,  
 Righteousness and peace unite,  
 To insure thy blessed conquests ;  
 Take possession of thy right :  
 Ride triumphant,  
 Dressed in robes of purest light.
- 3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre ;  
 Blest are all that own thy reign ;  
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
 Rescued from its galling chain :  
 Saints and angels,  
 All who know thee, bless thy reign.

241.

8s, 7s &amp; 4. MRS. WILLIAMS.

*Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
See the promises advancing  
To a glorious day of grace:  
Blesséd jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
Let the rude barbarian, see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary:  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
Now, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night:  
Let redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel:  
Win and conquer — never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase;  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

242.

L. M.

VOKE.

*Missions to the Heathen.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow;  
The exiled captive to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
In this blest labor share a part;  
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

243.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

244.

H. M.

BURDER.

*Prayer for the Heathen.*

- 1 RISE, Sun of glory, rise,  
And chase the shades of night,  
Which now obscure the skies,  
And hide thy sacred light :  
O, chase those dismal shades away,  
And bring the bright, millennial day !
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down  
On all the nations, Lord,  
With great success to crown  
The preaching of thy word ;  
That heathen lands may own thy sway,  
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come  
 Among our fallen race,  
 And all the earth become  
 The temple of thy grace ;  
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,  
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

245.

S. M.

WARDLAW'S COL.

*Universal Extension of Christ's Kingdom.*

- 1 O LORD our God, arise,  
 The cause of Truth maintain,  
 And wide o'er all the peopled world  
 Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
 Nor let thy glory cease ;  
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, rise,  
 Expand thy heavenly wing,  
 And o'er a dark and ruined world  
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 O, all ye nations, rise ;  
 To God the Saviour sing ;  
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
 Let echoing anthems ring.

246.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

*Zion encouraged.*

- 1 ZION, awake ; thy strength renew ;  
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;  
 Church of our God, arise and shine,  
 Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,  
 Wide as the heathen nations are ;  
 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view ;  
 All shall admire and love thee too.



247.

7s.

MARSDEN.

*The Messengers of God.*

- 1 GO, ye messengers of God ;  
Like the beams of morning, fly ;  
Take the wonder-working rod ;  
Wave the banner-cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And th' oppressed forever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care  
Pour the living light of heaven ;  
Chase away his wild despair ;  
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the palmy east,  
High the bleeding cross display,  
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

248.

S. M.

VOKE.

*Missionaries encouraged.*

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey ;  
Arise and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow :  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage, go.
- 3 Go, spread the Saviour's name ;  
Go, tell his matchless grace ;  
Proclaim salvation, full and free,  
To Adam's guilty race.
- 4 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success,  
Assured that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavors bless.

# 249.

8s, 7s &amp; 4. T. COTTERILL

*Prayer for the Heathen.*

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
     Let the eye of pity gaze ;  
 See the kindreds of the people  
     Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;  
     Darkness brooding  
     O'er the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,  
     Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :  
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles,  
     Rise with healing in thy wing :  
     To thy brightness  
     Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring  
     Idol gods of wood and stone,  
 Come, and, worshipping before him,  
     Serve the living God alone :  
     Let thy glory  
     Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,  
     Speak the word ; at thy command,  
 Let the company of heralds  
     Spread thy name from land to land ;  
     Lord, be with them,  
     Alway, to the end of time.

# 250.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.*

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,  
     With beams of heavenly grace ;  
 Reveal thy power through every land,  
     And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
     Sound through the earth abroad,  
 And distant nations know and love  
     Their Saviour and their God ?

- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;  
Sing loud, with joyful voice;  
Let every tongue exalt his praise,  
And every heart rejoice.

251.

7s & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

*Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 THE morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour:  
Each cry, to heaven going,  
Abundant answers brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing, —  
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."  
12 \* 137

252.

8s, 7s &amp; 4. KELLY.

*Zion encouraged.*

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing —  
Zion, long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive,  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now be past;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last:  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

253.

7s.

L. BACON.

*Christ reigning over all the Earth.*

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee!  
Let it echo o'er the sea!  
Now is come the promised hour:  
Jesus reigns with glorious power.
- 2 All the nations, join and sing,  
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;  
Let it sound from shore to shore, —  
"Jesus reigns forevermore!"
- 3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;  
And the islands join their voice;  
Joy! the whole creation sings, —  
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

254.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

*Prayer for Israel.*

- 1 LORD, send thy servants forth  
To call the Hebrews home ;  
From east and west, from south and north,  
Let all the wanderers come.
- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,  
The fugitives remain,  
Bid every creature help them on,  
Thy holy mount to gain.
- 3 An offering to the Lord,  
There let them all be seen,  
And washed with water and with blood,  
In soul and body clean.
- 4 With Israel's myriads sealed,  
Let all the nations meet,  
And show the promises fulfilled, —  
Thy family complete.

255.

7s.

KELLY.

*Triumphs of the Gospel.*

- 1 WHO are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob's rising star ?  
Strangers now to Zion come,  
There to seek a peaceful home.
- 2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,  
Or as doves their windows crowd :  
Zion wonders at the sight,  
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 3 Zion now no more shall sigh,  
God will raise her glory high ;  
He will send a large increase,  
He will give his people peace.
- 4 Sons of Zion, sing aloud !  
See her sun without a cloud !  
God will make her joy complete,  
Zion's sun shall never set.

256.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Exhortation to universal Praise.*

- 1 FROM all who dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

257.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Importance of the Bible to the Young.*

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day,  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;  
We hate the sinner's road;  
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, O God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth:  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

258.

C. M.

LOGAN.

*Early Instruction.*

- 1 HOW happy is the child who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice!
- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

259.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

*Prayer of a Youth.*

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,  
My God, to thee I pray:  
O, make me learn, while I am young,  
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
The object of thy care;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this, through all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.

260.

C. M. MOTHER'S HYMNS.

*Prayer for Children's Conversion.*

- 1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,  
A needy, sinful band;  
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,  
We come at thy command.
- 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,  
The offspring thou hast given;  
Where shall we go, in time of need,  
But to the God of heaven?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,  
Amid the worldly strife;  
But, in the all-prevailing Name,  
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,  
To make them pure in heart,  
That they may stand before thy face,  
And see thee as thou art.

261.

C. M. CH. PSALMIST.

*Parental Solitude.*

- 1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,  
In love whom thou hast given,  
Remain regardless of thy word,  
Without a hope of heaven?
- 2 How can we see them tread the path  
That leads to endless death,  
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,  
With every moment's breath?
- 3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,  
And save our children dear:  
Now send thy Spirit from on high,  
And fill them with thy fear.
- 4 O, make them love thy holy law,  
And joyful walk therein;  
Their hearts to new obedience draw;  
Save them from every sin.



262.

S. M.

FELLOWS.

*Prayer for Offspring.*

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race ;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend,  
The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 O, what a pure delight  
Their happiness to see !  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,  
Their hearts to sanctify ;  
Remember now thy gracious word ;  
Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,  
The penitential sigh ;  
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,  
And fix their hopes on high.

263.

7s &amp; 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

*Remember thy Creator.*

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator  
While youth's fair spring is bright,  
Before thy cares are greater,  
Before comes age's night ;  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
While stars the darkness cheer,  
While life is all before thee,  
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator  
Ere life resigns its trust,  
Ere sinks dissolving nature,  
And dust returns to dust ;  
Before with God, who gave it,  
The spirit shall appear :  
He cries, who died to save it,  
"Thy great Creator fear."

264.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Youth invited to Christ.*

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
To Jesus now draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you,  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain;  
And those who early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

265.

C. M. HEBER.

*Early Religion.*

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
 And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

266.

S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

*Parental Entreaty.*

- 1 MY son, know thou the Lord ;  
 Thy fathers' God obey ;  
 Seek his protecting care by night,  
 His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found ;  
 O, seek him while he's near ;  
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,  
 And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
 His ear will hear thy cry ;  
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
 His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,  
 Nor choose the path to heaven,  
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
 And never be forgiven.

267.

8s &amp; 7s. HORNE.

*The Voice of Autumn to the Young.*

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and withered, to the ground ;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
 In a sad and solemn sound, —

- 2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 "What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace? —  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;  
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 "Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
We proclaim the solemn warning —  
Heaven and earth shall pass away."
- 5 On the tree of life eternal,  
O, let all our hopes be laid;  
This alone, forever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

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## FAMILY WORSHIP.

### I. — MORNING.

268.

H. M.

HAYWARD.

*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn;  
Sweet day of sacred rest,  
I hail thy kind return;  
Lord, make these moments blest:  
From low desires | I soar to reach  
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face:  
Let sinners feel | And learn to know  
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless the sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be  
 New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

269.

C. M.

EDMESTON.

*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
 And sighs her God to seek,  
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
 That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
 That opens on the sight,  
 When first that soul-reviving morn  
 Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;  
 Yet, while they gently roll,  
 Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,  
 The world's long week be o'er,  
 That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,  
 That day, which fades no more?

270.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Early Devotion.*

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye;—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.

- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

271.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Gratitude and Supplication.*

- 1 GOD of my life, my morning song  
To thee I cheerful raise:  
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,  
And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,  
I passed the shades of night,  
Serene, and safe from every harm,  
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
And woke from sweet repose.
- 4 O, let the same almighty care  
Through all this day attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

272.

S. M.

WATTS.

*The Sabbath welcomed.*

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amid the place  
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

273.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

*Morning Thanksgiving.*

- 1 SERENE I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept — and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak, defenceless frame;  
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
All worthless as I am?
- 3 O, how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

274.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Grateful Acknowledgment.*

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

275.

C. M.

WATTS.

*God's Goodness acknowledged.*

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 How many wretched souls have fled  
Since the last setting sun!  
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.



276.

L. M.

KENN.

*A Morning Invocation.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;  
Dispel my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with true delight,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

277.

L. M.

WATTS.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

## II. — EVENING.

278.

S. M.      MRS. CONDER.

*Saturday Evening.*

- 1 THE hours of evening close ;  
Its lengthened shadows, drawn  
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,  
And wait the Sabbath dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail  
O'er forms of outward care,  
Nor thought of earthly things assail  
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,  
His watchful eye will keep,  
And, safe from violence or fear,  
Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light  
Than earth's our spirits rouse,  
And call us, strengthened by his might,  
To pay the Lord our vows.

279.

L. M.      DODDRIDGE.

*Sabbath Evening.*

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which dwell upon immortal tongues ;—
- 3 No rude alarms of angry foes ;  
No cares, to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;  
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

280.

C. M.      ENG. BAP. COL.

*Sabbath Evening.*

- 1 THIS sacred day, great God, we close  
With gratitude and love,  
And bless thee for the joyful news,  
Which hails us from above.
- 2 May we retain the glorious truths  
Recorded in thy word,  
And, with obedient lives, adorn  
The doctrines of the Lord.
- 3 Ere long we hope to meet and join  
The ransomed throng in bliss:  
With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,  
To dwell where Jesus is.

281.

S. M.

ANON.

*Evening Reflections.*

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear:  
O, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest —  
The bosom of thy love!

282.

7s.

EPIS. COL.

*Communion with God.*

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

283.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Evening Reflections.*

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past;  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

284.

S. M.

CURTIS'S COL.

*Flight of Time.*

- 1 ANOTHER day is past,  
The hours forever fled,  
And time is bearing us away  
To mingle with the dead.

- 2 Our minds in perfect peace  
Our Father's care shall keep;  
We yield to gentle slumber now,  
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blesséd, Lord, are they  
On thee securely stayed!  
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,  
Nor be in death dismayed.

285.

7s & 6s.

SAC. SONGS.

*Reflections at Sunset.*

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding  
Serenely down the west;  
So, every care subsiding,  
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing  
The daylight's gentle close;  
May angels round me singing  
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted  
Her crystal lamp on high;  
So, when in death benighted,  
May hope illumine the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning  
The morrow's light shall break;  
O, on the last bright morning  
May I in glory wake,

286.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Evening Devotion.*

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;  
I am forever thine:  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
 And when my work is done,  
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies  
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,  
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
 And will my slumbers keep.

287.

8s &amp; 7s.

EDMESTON.

*Confidence in God's Protection.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing  
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
 Sin and want we come confessing ;  
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from thee surround us ;  
 We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
 Thou art he who, never weary,  
 Watches where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift Death this night o'ertake us,  
 And command us to the tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

288.

12s &amp; 11s.

CHURCHMAN

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean ;  
 The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea ;  
 O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,  
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.
- 2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,  
 As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave :  
 Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain,  
 Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow  
 Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's  
 deep,  
 Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,  
 And guard us from evil, though death watch our  
 sleep.
- 4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,  
 Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,  
 To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given :  
 One God, ever blessed and praised, thou art.

289.

7s.

ANON.

*Evening Thanksgiving.*

- 1 NOW from labor and from care  
 Evening shades have set me free ;  
 In the work of praise and prayer,  
 Lord, I would converse with thee :  
 O, behold me from above,  
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,  
 Wither all my earthly joys ;  
 Nought can charm me here below  
 But my Saviour's melting voice :  
 Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore ;  
 Make me thine forevermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,  
 For the mercies of this hour,  
 For the gospel's cheering ray,  
 For the Spirit's quickening power,  
 Grateful notes to thee I raise ;  
 O, accept my song of praise.

290.

L. M.

KENN.

*Trusting God.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.



- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;  
Thy watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 5 Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care:  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.

III. — MEETING AND PARTING.

7s.

NEWTON.

291.

*Parting of Christians.*

- 1 FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;  
Sweeten every cross and pain;  
And our wasting lives prolong,  
Till we meet on earth again.



292.

C. M.

REED.

*Gratitude for Preservation.*

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh  
To great Jehovah's name ;  
Sweet be the accents of our tongues  
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were called  
In pain a while to part ;  
'Tis by his care we meet again,  
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved  
Our feet from every snare,  
And blest the goodness of the Lord,  
Which to this hour we share
- 4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal in works of love  
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;  
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;  
And with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace.

293.

8s.

BALDWIN.

*Union Hymn.*

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquered by love ?  
That fastens our souls in such ties  
As nature and time can't remove ?
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts are united in love :  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,  
 Since we shall ere long meet again?  
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
 At distance we cannot remain.

5 Though called to resign up our breath,  
 And quit these frail bodies of clay,  
 When freed from corruption and death,  
 We'll unite in the regions of day.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glories shall see :  
 There sing Hallelujah, Amen!  
 Amen, even so let it be.

294.

L. M.

ANON.

*Parting.*

1 WHILE in the world we yet remain,  
 We only meet to part again ;  
 But when we reach the heavenly shore,  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day,  
 Should chase our present griefs away :  
 A few short years of conflict past,  
 We meet around the throne at last.

295.

C. M.

ANON.

*Perfect Bliss in Heaven.*

1 O, WEEP not for the joys that fade  
 Like evening lights away —  
 For hopes that, like the stars decayed,  
 Have left thy mortal day ;  
 For clouds of sorrow will depart,  
 And brilliant skies be given ;  
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
 Amid the bowers of heaven.

- 2 O, weep not for the friends that pass  
 Into the lonesome grave,  
 As breezes sweep the withered grass  
 Along the restless wave;  
 For though thy pleasures may depart,  
 And darksome days be given,  
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
 When friends rejoin in heaven.

296.

7s.

ANON.

*When shall we meet?*

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again?  
 When shall we all meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parched beneath the hostile sky;  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 And in fancy's wide domain,  
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid, —  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There may we all meet again.

NEW YEAR.

297.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

*New Year. Providential Goodness.*

- 1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise  
 Our voices shall resound;  
 Thy hand directs our fleeting days,  
 And brings the seasons round.

- 2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,  
Our Father and our Friend,  
Whose constant mercies from the skies  
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,  
In every age, we see ;  
And constant as thy favors are,  
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,  
In every age, appear ;  
And let the same companions deign  
To bless the opening year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring  
Our wandering souls to God :  
In our affliction we shall sing,  
If thou wilt bless the rod.

298.

C. M.

WATTS.

*New Year. Prayer for a Blessing.*

- 1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known ;  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free ;  
And let the year we now begin  
Begin and end with thee.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more,  
And sinners now may learn to love  
Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

299.

7s.

NEWTON.

*New Year's Day.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun,  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;—  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,  
 With eternity in view ;  
 Bless thy word to old and young ;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love :  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

300.

5s &amp; 12s.

C. WESLEY.

*The New Year.*

1 COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue —  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear ;  
 His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our talents improve  
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

2 Our life is a dream ;  
Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :  
The arrow is flown ;  
The moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's near.

3 O that each, in the day  
Of his coming, may say,  
"I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do ;"  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done ;  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

---

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

301.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Close of the Year.*

- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,  
Whose love forever is the same ;  
The tokens of whose gracious care  
Begin, and crown, and close, the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand ;  
And see, when we review our ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led us on ;  
Thus far we make his mercy known ;  
And while we tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,  
Then bear, in his bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

302.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Flight of Time.*

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw ;  
Moments, and days, and months, and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea —  
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Upon the rapid streams are borne  
Swift on to their eternal home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,  
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour,  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

303.

C. M.

ANON.

*Reflections at the End of the Year.*

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past ;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my hasty life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run, —  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn :  
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?  
What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold, another year begins ;  
Set out afresh for heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.

BREVITY OF TIME.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend ;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

304.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Close of the Year.*

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound  
Of each revolving year ;  
How swift the weeks complete their round !  
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day  
When all that mortal life hath done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift-revolving year,  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Awake, O God, my careless heart  
Its great concerns to see,  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my waiting soul  
To joy beyond the skies.
- 

BREVITY OF TIME.

305.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Brevity and Frailty of Life.*

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our soul's affairs !  
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.



- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home;  
But we march heedless on,  
And, ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

306.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Man hastening to the Grave.*

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame!  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay  
That formed our body first;  
And every month, and every day,  
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace;  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea:  
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

307.

C. M. WATTS.

*Life short, and Man frail.*

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast:  
How short the fleeting time!  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,  
From creatures — earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desire recall;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

308.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Importance of To-day.*

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake, by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;  
O, be that still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
 Swift as the morning light,  
 Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
 In sudden, endless night.

309.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.*

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
 And humbly own to thee  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things!—  
 The final state of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,  
 Attends on every breath;  
 And yet how unconcerned we go  
 Upon the brink of death!
- 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dangerous road;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God.

310.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

*Life rapidly passing away.*

- 1 AS flows the rapid river,  
 With channel broad and free,  
 Its waters rippling ever,  
 And hasting to the sea,  
 So life is onward flowing,  
 And days of offered peace,  
 And man is swiftly going  
 Where calls of mercy cease.

## DEATH.

- 2 As moons are ever waning,  
As hastes the sun away,  
As stormy winds, complaining,  
Bring on the wintry day,  
So fast the night comes o'er us —  
The darkness of the grave ;  
And death is just before us :  
God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure  
Laid up in worlds above ?  
And is it all thy pleasure  
Thy God to praise and love ?  
Beware, lest death's dark river  
Its billows o'er thee roll,  
And thou lament forever  
The ruin of thy soul.
- 

## DEATH.

311.

C. M.

HEBER.

*A Warning from the Grave.*

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given :  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
And far above is heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, sinner, turn : thy danger know :  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn : thy soul apply  
To truths which hourly tell  
That they who underneath thee lie  
Shall live in heaven — or hell.

312.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Meditation on the Tomb.*

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound;  
My ears, attend the cry —  
“Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.”
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers:  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure? —  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

313.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Death disarmed.*

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

314.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Those blessed who die in the Lord.*

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead:  
"Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from sin released,  
They're freed from every snare.
- 3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward."

315.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

*Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.*

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest!  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And nought disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

316.

L. M.

R. HILL.

*Prayer of the dying Christian.*

- 1 GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,  
To slumber in the arms of death:  
I rest my soul on thee alone,  
E'en till my last, expiring breath.
- 2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,  
And I shall enter endless rest:  
There I shall live to sin no more,  
And bless thy name forever blest.
- 3 Bid me possess sweet peace within:  
Let childlike patience keep my heart:  
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,  
Before my spirit hence depart.
- 4 Hasten thy chariot, God of Love,  
And fetch me from this world of woe:  
I long to reach those joys above,  
And bid farewell to all below.
- 5 There shall my raptured spirit raise  
Still louder notes than angels sing —  
High glories to Immanuel's grace,  
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

317.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Death of Christian Friends.*

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.



- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

318.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

*The Believer's Prospects.*

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint and die,  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high; —
- 2 Shall join the throng of happy saints,  
And find its long-sought rest —  
That only bliss for which it pants —  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 O, what hath Jesus done for me!  
Before my raptured eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise.
- 4 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.
- 5 O, what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!
- 6 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.



319.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Death and Burial of a Christian.*

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed :  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;  
Restore thy trust ; a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

320.

8s &amp; 7s.

COLLYER.

*Comfort in the Death of the Christian.*

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love ;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,  
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
Sickness, there, no more can come ;  
There, no fear of woe, intruding,  
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

321.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Victory over Death.*

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster Death,  
And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing —  
“Where is thy boasted victory, Grave ?  
And where, O Death, thy sting ?”
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;  
Death has no sting beside :  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,  
Through Christ, our living Head.

## RESURRECTION.

322.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Death and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 HE dies ! — the Friend of sinners dies ;  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Ye saints, approach ! — the anguish view  
Of Him who groans beneath your load ;  
He gives his precious life for you ;  
For you he sheds his precious blood.

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for men ;  
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb ;  
Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live forever, glorious King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"  
Then ask, " O Death, where is thy sting ?  
And where thy victory, boasting Grave ?"

323.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Hope of Heaven through Christ.*

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,  
And called him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust ;  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserved against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept  
Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

324.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 AND must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.
- 5 O Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till strains of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

325.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Scenes of the Resurrection.*

- 1 LO! I behold the scattered shades;  
The dawn of heaven appears;  
The bright, immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,  
And flaming guards around;  
The skies divide to make him room;  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
And, lo! the graves obey:  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute th' expected day.

RESURRECTION.

- 4 O, may our humble spirits stand  
Among them, clothed in white :  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.
- 5 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
On love's triumphant wing !

326.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;  
His arm is my almighty prop :  
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
My soul forever with the dead,  
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high :  
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way  
To yonder throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And full discoveries of thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

327.

C. M.

SCOTCH COL.

*Death vanquished.*

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake, —  
When opening graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake, —
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell  
Shall incorrupted rise,  
And mortal forms shall spring to life  
Immortal in the skies.

- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
Is now at last fulfilled —  
That Death should yield his ancient reign,  
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And thus begin to sing:  
“O Grave, where is thy triumph now?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?”
- 

## JUDGMENT.

328.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come, —  
Th' appointed hour makes haste, —  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, “Depart!”
- 3 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my dreadful station where  
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without one gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.

329.

8s, 7s &amp; 4. RIPPON'S COL.

*The Judgment welcomed.*

1 LO! he cometh ; countless trumpets  
 Wake to life the slumbering dead ;  
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels  
 See their great, exalted Head :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,  
 Saints behold the Judge appear ;  
 Truth and justice go before him ;  
 Now the joyful sentence hear :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father ;  
 Enter into life and joy ;  
 Banish all your fears and sorrows ;  
 Endless praise be your employ :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome to the skies."

330.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.*

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord the Saviour reigns !  
 Sing to his name in lofty strains ;  
 Let all the earth in songs rejoice,  
 And in his praise exalt their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;  
 But grace and truth support his throne :  
 Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,  
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
 Before him burns devouring fire ;  
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

331.

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

OLIVER.

*Christ coming to Judgment.*

- 1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus shall forever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty:  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day —  
“Come to judgment! —  
Come to judgment! — come away!”
- 4 Now the Saviour, long expected,  
See, in solemn pomp, appear;  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.

332.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Preparation for the Judgment.*

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away?



- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead,  
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.

8s, 7s &amp; 4. NEWTON.

333.

*Saints and Sinners judged.*

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round:  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine:  
 You, who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine:"  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea;  
 All the powers of nature, shaken  
 By his voice, prepare to flee:  
 Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to those who have confesséd,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd;  
 See the kingdom I bestow:  
 You forever  
 Shall my love and glory know."

334.

C. P. M. OVINGTON'S COL.

*Pleading for Acceptance.*

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To take thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet thy people now,  
Before thy feet with them to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;  
Be thou my only hiding-place,  
In this th' accepted day:  
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 And when the final trump shall sound,  
Among the saints let me be found,  
To bow before thy face:  
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With praise of sovereign grace.

335.

C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

*Contemplation of Judgment.*

- 1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

- 2 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here, —  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure!  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure!
- 4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with thee above,  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full, supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

336.

12s.

MILMAN.

*The final Scene.*

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:  
 Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured  
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;  
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:  
 Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,  
 All the vast generations of men are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 In mercy, in mercy, Look down from above,  
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!  
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

## H E A V E N .

337.

C. M.      WATTS.

*Holiness of Heaven.*

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepared  
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky, -  
And all the region peace :  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
And none shall gain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

338.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Christian's Prospect.*

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream — an empty show ;  
But that bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

339.

C. M. NEWTON.

*Present with the Lord.*

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death, —  
The glories that surround the saint  
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;  
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansion near the throne!
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace its heavenward flight:  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much — and this is all — we know:  
They are supremely blest, —  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with the Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
His presence always view; —  
And, if we here their footsteps trace,  
There we shall praise him too.

340.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The heavenly Mansion.*

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high;  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven,  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

341.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.*

- 1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!  
And, like a raging flood,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And force us from our God.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!  
How loud the tempests roar!  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 Fulfilling there his high commands,  
Our cheerful feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our active zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 We there shall ever sing and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in every face.
- 5 Forever his dear, sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of every song.

342.

C. M.

STEELE.

*Heaven anticipated.*

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.

- 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss  
The wings of faith shall soar,  
And all the charms of Paradise  
Our raptured thoughts explore.
- 3 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honors to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love ;  
Our feeble notes inspire,  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join the heavenly choir.

343.

C. M. R. TURNBULL.

*The Land of Rest.*

- 1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
Where beauty smiles eternally,  
And pleasure never dies ;—  
My Father's house, my heavenly home,  
Where "many mansions" stand,  
Prepared, by hands divine, for all  
Who seek the better land.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side, —  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide, —  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,  
When death shall seize its prey,  
And from the place that knows us now,  
Shall hurry us away, —  
The vision of that heavenly home  
Shall cheer the parting soul,  
And o'er it, mounting to the skies.  
A tide of rapture roll.

- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy,  
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
 With smiles of love that never fade,  
 And blessedness complete :  
 There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;  
 Death frowns not on that scene,  
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine  
 Untroubled and serene.

344.

8s & 6s. W. B. TAPPAN.

*Heaven anticipated.*

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
 To mourning wanderers given ;  
 There is a joy for souls distressed,  
 A balm for every wounded breast ;  
 'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
 By sins and sorrows driven,  
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear — 'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, —  
 The heart no longer riven, —  
 And views the tempest passing by,  
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given ;  
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb  
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

345.

C. M. STENNETT.

*Heaven in Prospect.*

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.



- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight! —  
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,  
I'd fearless launch away.

C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

346.

*The Society of Heaven.*

- 1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem ! my glorious home !  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

C. M.

STEELE.

• 347. *Longing for a View of Heaven.*

- 1 O, LET our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky  
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
To guide our upward aim ;  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise  
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

348.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Hope of Heaven.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

349.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Joys of Heaven.*

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove;  
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things;—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a blissful sight  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the Man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 O, what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King !

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow among them there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

350.

11s.

MUHLENBERG.

*Longing for Heaven.*

1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no — welcome the tomb :  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God —  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



